

VOL. LXIV. No. 1649.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 7th, 1908.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

YERGEN COLLEGE LIBRARY
OCT 8 1908
SWICK MAINE.



"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck



Copyright, 1908, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



TAFT TO-MORROW.

GETTING THE SPORTING PAGE VOTE.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
295-299 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1649. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1908
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"



ELBOWED OUT.

MONDAY is Ginger Day at the White House.

THE POLITICIANS complain that nothing has been gained by the new primary laws. That is, for the politicians.

PEOPLE who criticise Mr. Roosevelt for not filling the jails should remember that it is hard to put a corporation in prison. That is why the Republican Party is still at large.

"JAMES," whose surname is Sherman, regards his master, Cannon, as a "constructive statesman." We take it that a constructive statesman is one who helps to build a Tariff wall.

"BLUDGEONED remorselessly after a long and honorable career," writes one who sympathizes with Senator Foraker, but neglects to mention when the Senator's honorable career closed and his Archbold affiliations began.

"FORTUNATELY the fulminations from the White House carry no conviction," observes Chancellor Day, whose knowledge of the thought and the ideals of this wide country of ours is as comprehensive as a troglodyte's.

WITH MR. ROOSEVELT providing the ginger and Mr. Hearst the vitriol, there is promise of a lively month. It will be welcome, as the baseball season is over and the Hains trial hasn't got under way.

SENATOR BAILEY is credited with a resolve to resign. Possibly he fears another "exoneration." Two such would kill any man—except Platt or Depew.

OF COURSE Mr. Carnegie is privileged to spend his money on such junk as hero medals, but it's a pity he doesn't buy up a few thousand redwood trees instead. We would even consent to having his name on a brass plate affixed to each tree.

NAT GOODWIN, who "only desired to obtain divorce as a matter of convenience," has been non-suited because he didn't know, or couldn't remember, his wife's name. A matrimonial card index for the use of the profession would be handy and helpful.

SOBER CITIZENS cannot help asking if irreparable damage will not be done to a great office unless some way be found to induce the President to stay his hand.—*The Evening Post*.

Was it Gen. Grant who was criticised by "sober citizens," inspiring Lincoln's remark that he wished the other generals would drink the same brand of booze?

LET'S SEE: on October 15 we are to learn where the campaign funds came from. Or aren't we?

TO A modest outsider, it looks like an "answer-by-letter-only" campaign.



THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.
YET STANDARD OIL SAYS IT IS NOT IN POLITICS.

"THE AVERAGE READER."

AS HE FRAMES UP IN THE MINDS OF THE EDITORS OF VARIOUS MAGAZINES.



THE SMART SET.



THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.



THE COMMONER.



LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.



SUCCESS MAGAZINE.



DELINEATOR.



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA.

THANK YOU, OPTIMISTS.



THE optimists, sometimes vulgarly called boosters, we owe a debt of gratitude which not only the present generation, but posterity for many years hence, will be unable to pay. They have come nobly to the front at a critical time and saved the country from liquidation and locomotor ataxia.

When the industrial depression came upon us last fall, some few of our industries stopped and immediately the optimists jumped into the breach. By diligently working the newspapers, one by one the industries were started up again and million by million the unemployed workingmen were returned to lucrative positions. So successful were their efforts that a careful compilation of information from the news columns shows that now there are more industries running full tilt in this country than in the height of our unparalleled prosperity when the dinner pail was fairly bursting with luxuries. Not only that, but there are now more men at work than, according to the United States census, inhabit the country.

We thank the optimists and discharge them with honor. If they keep on much longer they will hurt business by making too many jobs for existing men and thus, by raising wages, make the laboring man so proud and haughty as to be intolerable. Even optimism can be over-worked.

Ellis O. Jones.

THE INTERVIEW.

A DAPPER young man with the reporter's proverbial smile entered the office of a large manufacturer, and proceeded to interview him regarding the financial outlook.

"Of course, Mr. Blank, you consider the recent panic as being entirely over?"

"Most assuredly I do," answered the manufacturer.

"And that the financial situation is encouraging?"

"Encouraging? Why, it's simply uplifting. This great country of ours has never experienced greater prosperity. Fine crops, plenty of money, ample markets for our products, factories running full force—"

"That's just what I wanted to ask you about, Mr. Blank, and I didn't know how else to get an interview except to disguise as a newspaper man. I'm after a job—any kind of a job. I'm an educated man—been through college. I'm strong as a bear, and a trained mechanic. I'll work for anything you pay. I've got a family that's starving, and I must have work."

"What! In these hard times you want work? Don't you know that we found it necessary to lay off four-fifths of our old hands? James, show the man out."

D. A. K.

NATURAL SKEPTICISM.

"JUDGE RAMSBOTTOM," remarked Professor Twiggs, during a recent session of the Soc Ett Tu Um Club, "confidently predicts the triumphant election of William Jennings Bryan, and—"

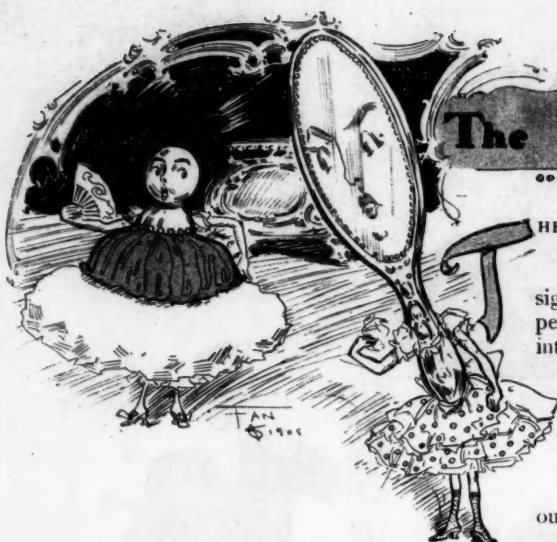
"Whereat," grimly interjected the Old Codger, "I should prob'ly throw up my hat and give vent to at least two and a half cheers, if it wasn't for the realization that Judge Ramsbottom don't know any more about it than I do, and, incidentally, the recollection that every time I dun him for it he confidently predicts that he will, on or about the first of the next week, if he lives, hand me the ten dollars he borrowed from me to pay an election bet which he lost the last time he confidently predicted the triumphant election of William Jennin's Bryan."

THE political boss commits suicide usually by shooting off his mouth.



"THE GREAT WHITE WEIGH."

The funeral is about the only ceremony we have left where absolutely everybody isn't posing.



The Fable of the Puff and the Mirror.

THE Powder Puff sighed, a fragrant little sigh, as she dropped wearily back into her silver-topped, cut-glass receptacle, and looked at the Hand Mirror enviously.

"Ah me!" she cried, "I have a

hard life! Our mistress works me entirely too hard. I wish I could change places with you."

The Hand Mirror looked at her reflectively. "You have no reason for such discontent," she said coldly; "you have a soft time of it. Your work is not nearly so hard nor so unpleasant as mine. Our mistress consults me a dozen times a day. She comes to me about every trifle. I have to tell her if her waists fit, or if her skirts hang properly, or if her back hair is done up right. And certainly it is pleasanter to throw dust into people's eyes as you do than to tell them unwelcome truths as I must. Only this morning I was compelled to point out to her a gray hair in her pompadour, and she banged me down so hard she nearly cracked my face open. My appearance is very easily marred, if the faintest breath blows on me my beauty is dimmed; but nothing could hurt you; the more you are ruffled, the better you look."

"Well I don't take life so seriously as you do," returned the Powder Puff. "You get all broken up if somebody drops you, but I don't care how much I am shaken."

"Personally, I should not care to be tossed about as you are," replied the Hand Mirror, with a glitter in her eye.

"Nor should I care to make our mistress miserable as you do. Instead of telling her about them, I cover up all the little lines in her face and make her sweet and fragrant."

"That is all one could expect of a fly-a-way person like yourself," said the Hand Mirror cuttingly. "You are one of those soft, fluffy people without any backbone, who never go below the surface of things, nor have the courage to tell people the truth."

"I don't care," said the Powder Puff petulantly, "I think you are a very disagreeable person; no one likes people who tell her unpleasant things." But the Powder Puff fluttered agitatedly as she said this, for she was very much afraid of the Hand Mirror, who was always exposing her.

"I am sure our mistress is fonder of me than you," she con-

tinued, "for whenever she lets me I kiss her lips, caress her cheek and fondle her dimpled neck and arms: but as for you, you only point out her wrinkles and gray hairs, and tell her how fat she is growing or how old she looks." And the Powder Puff gave her plump white shoulders a little shake. Instantly a cloud settled on the Mirror's smooth face.

"She comes to me for facts, however," said the Mirror frostily, "but she gets nothing from you but a puff of wind."

"Oh well, I am not perhaps of so reflective a turn of mind as you," said the Powder Puff airily, "nor have I your polish and finish; but neither am I so cold and unresponsive. I come closer to her heart than you ever do."

The Hand Mirror gave her a glassy stare and was about to reply when their mistress entered the room. She picked up the Powder Puff carelessly, dusted her face with it and tossed it aside; then taking up the Hand Mirror gently, she looked long and earnestly into its calm face, as if she besought it to tell her what it really thought of her. She smiled at it tenderly, she gazed into it pensively, her eyes caressed it lovingly. Then with a satisfied little smile, she laid it down on the Powder Puff, leaving that fluffy young person quite crushed.

MORAL.—Every woman believes in her heart that the man who tells her disagreeable truths about herself is only dissembling his love.

Barbara Blair.

THE NOVEL.

THE novelist who troubles himself to provide his characters with motives which will withstand critical scrutiny, deserves to die poor. Motives which will withstand critical scrutiny are not the sort to cause something to happen every 500 words, and what publisher can spare the type for more?

What you want is

1. A persistent, pervasive and preposterous personality, surrounded with plenty of piffing pushovers to provide him with opportunity.
2. Gripping situations, and the fact that they grip with a blacksmith's tongs is nothing against them.
3. A plot which is a peach and a tamale in one—a cluttered concatenation of more things than are dreamed of in most anybody's philosophy.
4. Local color, to spend your love of truth on, so that this last may not spoil the more essential parts of your work.

TOWERS.

THE patient architect had just succeeded in getting Mrs. Drippinggold to decide between the charms of Renaissance, Classic, and Queen Anne for the plans of her magnificent new country-house.

"The only details I ain't goin' to leave to your discretion," said the wealthy lady, "is the matter of towers. I want plenty of towers that folks can see for a long way off when they're ridin' by."

"But what kind of towers do you want?" inquired the unfortunate architect. "Norman, Gothic—"

Mrs. Drippinggold closed the English novel of high life on which her soul had been feeding.

"Why, ancestral towers, of course."

TEN-MINUTE BULLETINS.

HIRAM BURROWS.—How's yer chawin' terbacker, Ezra?
EZRA SKINNER (*reluctantly producing plug*).—Faiilin' fast; I don't expect it to last the day out.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

PROFESSOR SIMIAN.—You are the only student present for class this morning, Leo. What has become of the others?
LEO.—They tried to haze me last night, sir.



THE RUBBER PLANT.

PEGASUS PRANCES.



H, FIDDLESTICKS! Poets all dead, you say?
Homer, Tennyson, Longfellow, and all
that bunch gone? Pessimistic about
it as usual? Now, stop! Brace up!
I'm still alive. I wrote this my-
self:

The little birdie hops from limb to
limb;

With limber limbs from limb to limb hops he
When thoughts of hopping limbs rise up in him—
(Or if he isn't him, they do in she).

O, would I were a sweetly hopping bird!
O, would that I might hop from limb to limb!
O, would that I were her whose song I heard
(Or if she isn't her, that I was him).

One moment, please! Are you all
ready? Got tight hold of something?
Prepared for a shock? Very well then,
here it comes:

Now! The fact man's talk is daffy
When he's daff
Don't imply his talk is taffy
When he's Taft.

Complaining as usual? Never will stop,
will you? Sort of a permanent grouch, aren't
you? Suppose the cars *are* crowded, look
at it this way:

In crowded cars I hate to ride
But wouldn't it be worse
To be the one lone corpse inside
A large and roomy hearse?

Jim K. Hanna.

A SAFE HOSS CRITTER.

"You are sure that he is a perfectly safe horse for ladies to
drive?" asked Mrs. Timmid of Soll Skaggs, of whom
she had hired a horse for the afternoon.

"Don't you worry none about that, ma'am. He is a
perfectly safe hoss critter if you handle him jess right. He



"FOREST SPRINGS! FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR SOUVENIR POST CARDS!"

Be tolerant. Remember that nothing is so lastingly delightful to some
people as a joke they have managed to understand.



SWEET CHARITY.

MODERN PHILANTHROPIST.—My worthy friend, here is a ten-dollar bill which
I will give you—

BEGGAR (*unnerved with joy*).—God bless y—

M. P.—Give you on January first next, on condition that you raise a thousand
more between now and that time.

don't like the sight nor smell o' these dratted awtomo-biles, but if you
meet one an' he begins to rare an' kick all you got to do is to lay on
the whip right peert an' he'll jog along all right. You don't want to
let him go to backin' none or he'll upset you sure. Then if you
see a bike comin' you want to git a good grip on the reins
for the plaguey old fool can't see a bike to this day
without havin' a conniption fit, but you let him
know you ain't a mite afeered of him an'
he'll come out all right. You have to
cross the railroad track three times
an' he is apt to cut up some if the
cars happen along, but he won't up-
set you if you handle him jess right.
He aint worked none fer three or
four days an' is apt to be more
skittish than usual, but if he takes
it into his head to run like sixty you
see-saw on the reins real hard an'
run him into a fence if you can.
Then he is apt to half-break his
neck tryin' to keep up with any
hoss that passes him, an' you don't
want to let him whirl around cor-
ners too brash or he'll upset you sure
as guns. You drive him the way I
tell you to an' he is as safe a hoss critter
to handle as any one need want. Don't let
the reins git under his tail or he'll go to rarin'
an' you can't stop him until you git the reins
out. If you—whoa, thar, Billy! Stop your kick-
in'an' prancin' or I'll larrup you with a stick o' cord-
wood! Hope you'll have a pleasant ride, an' it's
understood that you pay fer anything he breaks or
smashes while you are out." M. W.

LESSONS IN POLITENESS.



Don't crowd, my son. Be polite. Always let the others go first into the elevator —

HE CAUGHT IT.

I JUST CAUGHT the train with the young lady in it,
In spite of the crush and the crowd that was there,
But was down on my luck the very next minute
I just caught the train with the young lady in it;
For a rip and a cry and a scream rent the air,
And the dancers all stopped;—'twas rent past repair.
I just caught the train with the young lady in it.

E. J. B.

ANOTHER THEORY.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo
came to lose her arms."
"How?"
"She broke them off trying to button her shirt-
waist up the back."

SHOWED THE EFFECTS.

"WHERE were ye last night, Casey?"
"Shure, Oi plinged into the soshal swim at McCarthys."
"Oi know the wather is niver very dape there, an' judgin' frim
yure face ye must have hit botthom."



WELL! well! well! Miss Tottie Brighteyes, here it is at last, the greatest publicity getter that the theatrical world has ever known, an invention which will carry your manager way up in the eight heaven because of its wonderful advertising advantages.

The "Sarah Heartbern" Automobile Footlights, which we now put upon the market for the first time, can be attached to any car. Simply screw the arrangement of electric bulbs in the bottom of your auto and the mechanism will throw a strong flashlight upon the passengers, lighting them up with a brilliancy that will make them plainly visible to all persons along the road.

For years you have used footlights on the stage, and you have come to regard them as a necessity. Once use our Auto Footlights, and you will find that they also are indispensable. They permit acting off the stage—the actress' best way of obtaining publicity.

In fact, our "Sarah Heartbern" Auto Footlights have the jewel robbery press story beaten to a finish. Suppose you have a

new directoire gown and a sheath hat. Take a spin in your auto, press the footlight button, and you are flooded in illumination; before morning every woman in town is talking about you. Suppose you are autoing with Cholly Vanderguld. Press the footlight button, and the two of you are in as full view as if you were upon the stage. A well managed scandal like this will result in no end of free advertising. In the morning the newspapers have a column and a flashlight photograph.

While "Sarah Heartbern" automobile footlights were primarily intended for members of the theatrical profession, they will appeal to society leaders as being an advertising device vastly superior to a monkey dinner or teddy-bear supper. If a society leader is contemplating an elopement with her chauffeur, we can guarantee that our Auto Footlights will give the affair the desired publicity.



And then when it reaches the ground floor you'll be the first out.

Don't think this over, but act right away. Remember the name—"Sarah Heartbern." For sale by all garages and theatrical supply houses.

Donald A. Kahn.

GLITTERING GENERALITIES OF A WEDDING RING.

I KEEP off the grass-widows.
The marriage tie may have a clerical cut, but divorce suits are growing more popular every day.

I'm little, but oh my!

I never roll under the bureau nor hide under the bed the way the man's collar button does; and yet —

I'm the best fire extinguisher on the market.

Some women seem to think I am a lightning rod, that as soon as they put me on, I can keep all domestic storms away; but —

Barbara Blair.

FRENZIED FINANCIERING.

COLUMBUS WASHINGTON JOHNSON SMITH.—W'at's de price er dem wattermelons, Mr. Jackson?

MR. JACKSON (*cunningly*).—Ten cents erpiece, and I picks 'em; twenty cents erpiece, and you picks 'em, Mr. Smif.

MR. SMITH.—All right, Mr. Jackson. I guesses I'll take 'em all, and you picks 'em, ef you please!

REFLECTED ART.

"His house is furnished with the most exquisite taste."

"Yes, but not his own."

WOULD YOU GUESS IT?

This lady is happy because she lost fifteen pounds during the summer —

And this lady is happy because she gained fifteen pounds.





A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

SPOKESMAN OF THE DELEGATION.—Yes, sir, this is the Kansas Octogenarians' Free Silver Marchin' Club. We've been a marchin' to meet yer since 1896 an' t'ell yer that we're with yer, bag and baggage, in yer fight agin the gold bugs. By vum, but that were a great speech yer made about the crown o' thorns!

THE FULL DINNER PAIL.

DEAR PUCK—The full dinner pail has gone once too often into the campaign. A sort of mental locomotor ataxia keeps the automatons of caricature a-putting this useful symbol of the hopes and high destiny of Labor to the front, always full, always shining with the reflection of ruddy faces, and the distant top-hat of the Monopolist and Tariff-hog. What fatuity keeps the caricaturist a-thrusting this mirage at the idle hungry, who saunter, jobless and discouraged from the hunt for work, past the news-stands and barber-shops where "———" flaunts the full dinner pail and the full-time factory chimney, I know not; but I wish you would tell me. Yours truly,

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.

JOSEPH F. DARLING.

[Manifestly, a lack of something—ideas, humor, truth, originality, sincerity, decency, sense of proportion, perception of values, business honesty. Our correspondent may take his choice.]



THE YOUNG TURKS.

IRREVERENT STRIPLINGS WHO ARE TURNING THE TURKISH EMPIRE UPSIDE DOWN.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

THEY'VE got me indexed on a card,
And neatly filed away,
I'm Democratic, fast and hard;
There I'm supposed to stay.
I'm

NameJ. SMITH
AddressMain Street
VotesDemocratic straight

I'm all fixed up so nice and neat,
And brought in on a plate.

I s'pose the system works all right,
That they already know,
By keeping all those cards in sight,
How things are going to go;
But let me whisper this to you,
And don't dare tell the boss:
Perhaps that card index will do,
But

X ROOSEVELT

Got my cross.

I do not like to spoil the plans
Of men who know a lot,
But my vote's not yet any man's—
Believe me, it is not.
The only card that bears my name,
And gives to me my dues,
Is one that bears abroad my fame—
Thus

J. SMITH

Boots and Shoes.

Charles R. Barnes.

TIME FOR CHANGE.

POLITICIAN.—We will carry the country this fall.
CONSTITUENT.—I hope so.
The country has been supporting you fellows long enough.

THE CANDIDATE-MAKER.

TOURIST (in Roundup, Montana).—So another mayoralty contest is at hand in this burg, eh? Who's the Republican candidate?
NATIVE.—Hairtrigger Hank Henderson—pervidin' Roosevelt is willin'!

THE REASON.

TAFTER.—If the ballot were given to women the Republican party would have a cinch.
BYRON.—Yes?
TAFTER.—All women want protection.

DO THEY TAKE THEIRS STRAIGHT?

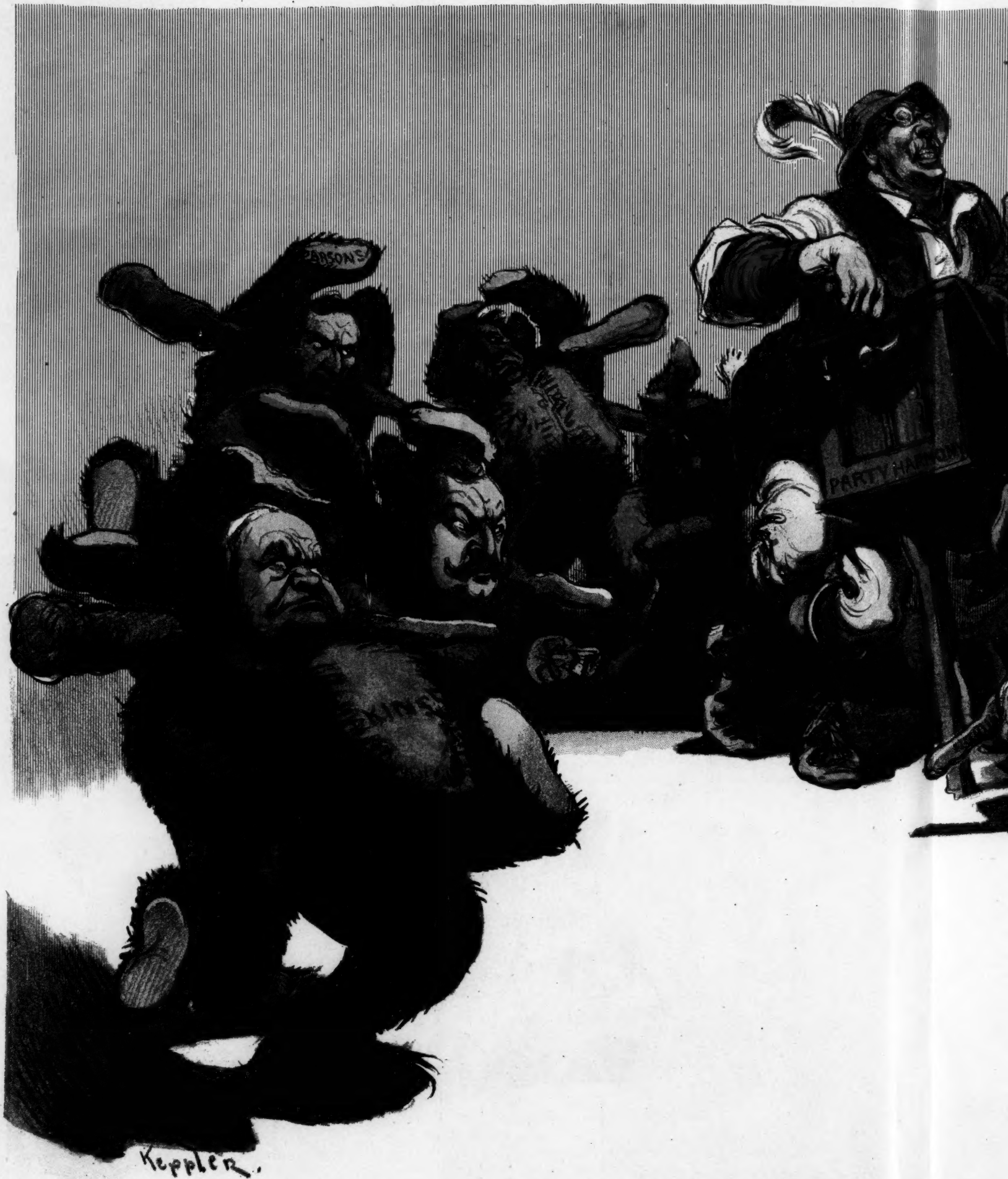
THE CAMEL (flattered).—Did you hear that the Prohibitionists had chosen me as their party emblem?
THE HIPPO (enviously).—Why should they?
THE CAMEL.—Because I can go for days without water, I suppose.



A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.

RANCHMAN.—How's the election goin' up in town, Hank? I hear there's quite a heap of enthusiasm.
COWFUNCHER.—Sure thing! Why, up ter date, there's a hundred an' twenty men registered an' outer that they say at least two hundred an' forty of 'em are dead sure to vote.

Probably no man does quite so many things he doesn't want to do as the successful political boss.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE BOSS BEAR TRAIL



PUCK



GETTING TO THE TOP.

THE ZEBRA (during rehearsal).—I hear that chap boasts he's a self-made elephant.

THE MONK.—Sure he is! Why, a hundred years ago he was hustling timber in India!

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SUN":—

Sir: My father read *The Times* all that portion of his life of which I was an observer. My wife's father was just as devoted to it. None of the adults in my family will begin the day without it and we long for an edition in one syllable for the babies. There is something about its reverent respect for the socially elect that we all dearly love. A TIMES ADMIRER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES":—

Sir: You may be interested to learn that I have not failed to read *The Sun* for one morning in fifteen years. My family is envious of my record and I have to watch out for drugs in my coffee. From its stainless politics to its collection of surnames *The Sun* is as unrivalled locally as its heavenly foster parent. A SUN WORSHIPPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE WORLD":—

Sir: I do not know what I would do without *The American*. No terms can express my enthusiastic regard for that peerless patriot, Wm. Randolph Hearst! I hold him not only our chiefest citizen of to-day, but the most superb figure in our whole history, and I know all about G. Washington and others. What is fathering a country compared to resurrecting it, as Mr. Hearst is about to do! AN INDEPENDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE AMERICAN":—

Sir: I wish to express to you my admiration for *The World*. In its present policy it displays the widest range, sustaining its immense

clientele without offensive yellowness, at the same time pointing out a national programme without prejudice or rancor. All honor to its editors who have so successfully raised its plane from the old levels. A DEMOCRAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE POST":—

Sir: *The Journal* has them all done to a finish. Doesn't Powers give you a laugh-ache? Could you get better advisers for your daughters than its lady-writers? Don't the Betties make you wish you were young again? And, say, ain't Brisbane about the smoothest guy on the job? All my folks say, "Me for *The Journal*!" A COMMON PERSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE JOURNAL":—

Sir: Again I raise my voice to deplore the evil tendencies of New York journalism. *Facilis descensus Avernus*. Can nothing check their decadence? *The Post*, it would appear, alone sternly resists the temptation to join this Saturnalia. All honor to our Galahad of the Quill! he who stands in morals, in politics and in literature for perfection. PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Layton Brewer.



WHEN "AT LIBERTY."

DOLLY.—Who is that Hebrew gentleman you just bowed to?

HAMFATTER.—My-er-advance agent.

THEIR GOLDEN BOND.

HOW DID those two ever come to marry each other?

"Well, she was the only woman he ever knew that would listen to his anecdotes over five minutes at a time, and he was the only man she ever knew that could look at her that long without getting neuralgia."

HORS D'OEUVRES.

INDIGNANT PATRON.—Why, this is an outrageous price for just a small plain dinner.

BLAND PROPRIETOR.—You forget, sir, the number and variety of microbes you've eaten!



HOW TO DECIDE.

If you are a young man, with good prospects, and can't decide which of two girls to marry, get them together and choose the one who can hook up her own dress.

Somehow a girl never feels that she's really well dressed unless her shoes hurt her.



William Penn

AMONG all the builders of this Nation none deserve more lasting gratitude than this stout old Quaker Champion.

Irish and English prisons could not conquer his spirit, and from a cell in the tower of London he conceived the idea of founding beyond the seas a state wherein Brotherly Love—Peace On Earth and Personal Liberty might become living facts. Thus Pennsylvania was founded.

When colonial governor he introduced vine-growing and brewing and at Penn-bury Manor he had a brew house.*

Above middle height—well built and agile—William Penn in his early days was an expert swordsman, a courageous soldier, and a splendid athlete.

He died at 74, and the results of his life's doings bear eloquent witness that the moderate use of a good malt beer helps to create the noblest qualities of mind and soul.

His statue stands in Philadelphia, 547 feet high—for all the world to see.

*National Magazine of History—XVI, page 154.
The True William Penn, page 353.
Dictionary of National Biography—Vol. XLIV.
Eddy's Alcohol in History, pages 181, 191, 193, 203, etc., etc.

LUPULIN has created a stir in the medical world because of its great Tonic properties for stomach disorders. It is found in the highest and most effective form in Saazer Hops, grown in the Province of Saaz, Bohemia.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U. S. A., import more of these hops than all other brewers in the United States, and use them exclusively in their famous

Budweiser

THE KING OF ALL
BOTTLED BEERS



Bottled Only at the
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Corked or with Crown Caps

For Sale at
All Hotels, Clubs and Bars

"New Process" GILLETTE Blades

AN INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS

"New Process" GILLETTE blades have been on sale at all dealers since September 1st, 1908, and have scored an unqualified success.

Their wonderful keenness, durability and finish is fully recognized and proves them to be superior to any blades heretofore placed on the market.

Their cordial reception has richly repaid us for the four years earnest work we spent in perfecting the process necessary to produce them.

Their success has proved our wisdom in selecting a steel made after our own formula, specially refined to answer the requirements of our new process.

The demand for them has justified the cost of the automatic machines which sharpen each edge individually and ensure their unvarying keenness.

"New Process" GILLETTE blades are paper-thin, hard as flint, and require NO STROPPING—NO HONING.

The coarsest beard readily yields to their marvelous keenness.

Beyond the efficient and satisfactory results derived from "New Process" blades, the feature of greater durability cannot fail to attract old and new friends to the "Gillette Way" of perfect shaving, only possible with "New Process" blades.

Greater durability means a lessening to the already low cost of a daily shave with the Gillette Safety Razor.

The unique nickel-plated box, too, is generally praised.

It seals itself hermetically every time it is closed—is absolutely damp-proof and protects the blades from rust in any climate, thus prolonging their life and utility.

TWELVE "NEW PROCESS" GILLETTE BLADES ARE PACKED IN THE BOX.

THE RETAIL PRICE IS ONE DOLLAR.

A GILLETTE with "New Process" blades will give more comfort—more genuine satisfaction than any shaving device you ever tried. No matter how you are now being shaved it will pay you to adopt the "GILLETTE Way." It will save you money—time—worry.

The standard razor set consists of triple silver plated razor and 12 "New Process" blades in morocco, velvet-lined case. Price, \$5.00.

Combination sets containing toilet accessories, at prices ranging from \$6.50 to \$50.00.

At all hardware, drug, jewelry, cutlery and sporting goods dealers.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

New York
262 Times Bldg.

Boston
262 Kimball Bldg.

Chicago
262 Stock Exchange Bldg.

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING



BUNNER'S Short Stories



H.C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.

Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—Detroit Free Press.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—Boston Times.

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—Boston Times.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, - \$5.00
or separately:

Per Volume, - 1.00

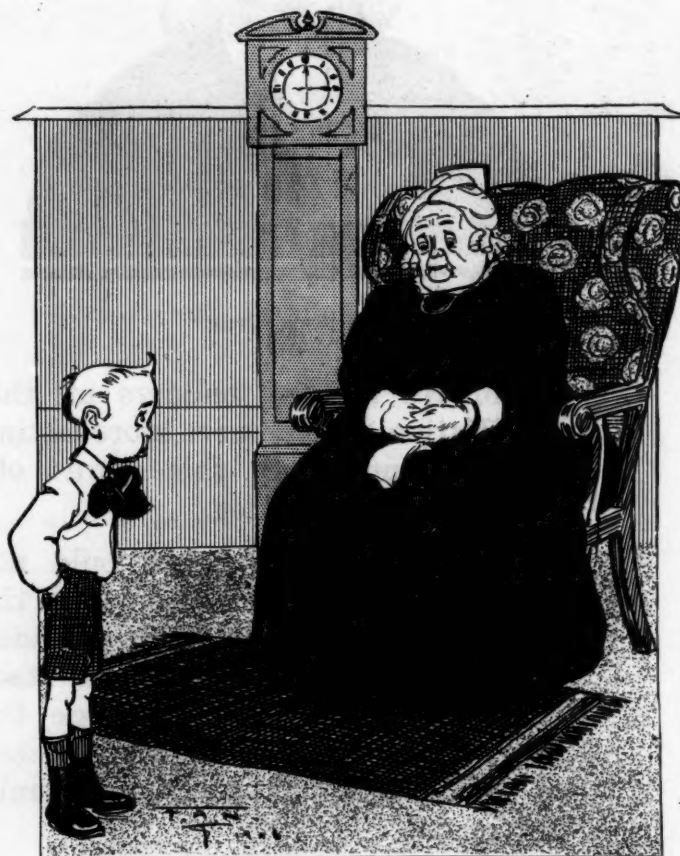
For sale by all Booksellers,
or by mail from the
Publishers on receipt
of price.

Address:

PUCK, New York.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



MISUNDERSTANDING SOMEWHERE.

BOBBY (who has been sent over the way to ask how old Mrs. Smith is to-day).—Mrs. Smith says it's none of your business how old she is.

If you would enjoy a genuine luxury try a fruit cocktail—Abbott's Bitters, grape fruit, sugar to suit taste.

CANDOR IN HIGH PLACES.


If Mr. Bryan could manage to focus attention upon this huge tariff graft—if he could get such a hearing of it as he got for the silver question in 1896—his chance of winning would, no doubt, improve. But even with small Democratic aid, by the slow weight of fact, we are gradually and painfully approaching the truth about it.

When the necessity bred of war had passed, the tariff, as we now know it, was defended as needed to foster our infant industries. They fostered amazingly and, presently, became the greatest in the world. We still needed the tariff, it was then alleged, to insure good wages to American workmen—notwithstanding our labor cost, in some lines, was lower than in England, and workmen in non-protected callings, comprising the great majority, got as high or higher wages than workmen in protected industries. This year a new and franker defense has been introduced.

Duties, says the Republican platform, must equal the difference between cost of production at home and abroad, "together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

That is, we must be taxed enough, not only to protect American labor, but to make sure that the trusts will have a satisfactory profit. One by one the specious and fraudulent reasons have fallen away, until, at length, in this year's platform, we are given a candid glimpse of the real reason. Being ever friendly to candor we welcome the advance, and hope it will continue. In the Republican platform of 1912 we expect to find a simple and entirely honest tariff plank, as follows:

"Duties must be high enough to produce satisfactory dividends upon several billion dollars of watered stocks."—Saturday Evening Post.



WHEN

THE TASTE OF COUNT-
LESS THOUSANDS
CENTRES ON

HUNTER WHISKEY

AS AN IDEAL PRODUCT OF THE
STILL, ITS PURITY, MATURITY
AND FLAVOR MUST BE SUPREME

GUARANTEED UNDER THE
NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bloeker Street, New York.
Branch Warehouse: 20 Bloeman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

A SUBSTITUTE SEN- SATION.

"I had to sell my auto, but I haven't missed it yet."
"How's that?"
"You can get most of the sensation by cleaning rugs."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AMONG the blunders reported from the schools are the following, some of which may be new: "Bigamy is when a man tries to serve two masters." "The law allowing only one wife is called monotony." "A lie is an abomination in the sight of the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble." "The liver is an infernal organ of the body." "The bowels are five in number, a, e, i, o, u." "The Priest and the Leviite passed on the other side because the man had been robbed already." "Soldiers live in a fort; where their wives live is called a fortress." "A but-tress is the wife of a butler." "A school-master is called a pedigree." "Fili-gree means a list of your descendants." "The wife of a Prime Minister is called a Primate."—*The Independent.*



I.W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

for Gentlemen
who cherish
Quality.

"EVER experience a stage robber?"
"Once I asked a chorus girl to lunch."
—*Phila. Ledger.*

"THE last time I saw you you were complaining about your servant being slow."
"Oh, she's progressing now."
"Is she really?"
"Yes, she's getting slower and slower."—*Democratic Telegram.*

As the brisk phil-anthropist thrust her fare into the cab driver's hands she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half hour of pouring rain. "Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cabman, with humility. "I generally do."

"Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her key in the lock, opened the door, and vanished, to reappear a moment later. "Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills! you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

The Gem Junior with the New Bar does the hand-work of the barber, tightens the skin and raises the hairs vertically, giving a perfect, close, delightful shave with no scraping. Lather and shave—that's all.

New frame with Bar sent to present users of the Gem Junior Safety Razor on receipt of 25c. No exchanges.



\$1.00

Complete with 7 selected blades, frame, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case.

Separate set of 7 Gem Junior blades 50c.

Each Gem Junior blade is absolutely guaranteed to shave better than any other regardless of name or price. Each bears the name. Beware of imitations.

A storyette "The Gentle Art of Self Shaving" including a full course in shaving, sent free.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street New York
London, E. C. 35 Aldermanbury
Paris: 24 Rue de Constantinople. Hamburg: Pickenhuben 4
We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

Get on UNCLE SAM'S PAY ROLL

The pay is good, the work congenial, and promotion rapid in the U. S. Civil Service. If you are an American man or woman over 18 you are eligible for any government position if you pass the Civil Service Examination. To learn how you can qualify in your spare time, write for our free I. C. S. booklet. International Correspondence Schools, Box 1110 Scranton, Pa.

THE PEDESTRIAN IN 1910.

Chug-chug!
Br-r-r! br-r-r!
Honk-honk!
Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another; an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

"EVERY bit of food on this table," said the serving lady to Lamson, as he sat down to eat at the church supper, "was cooked by your wife."

"Oh, I don't mind," rejoined Lamson faintly; "I'm not a bit hungry, anyway!"—*New York Times.*

Pears'

Pears' Soap has never offered premiums to induce sales. It is, in itself, a prize for the complexion.

Established in 1789.

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American
Wines

Is the banquet wine par excellence. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

STYLE NEATNESS COMFORT THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped
on every loop—Be sure it's
there

THE
Velvet Grip
CLASP
CUSHION
BUTTON

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—
NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR
UNFASTENS

Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton
25c. Mailed on receipt of
price.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Boston, Mass.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

OF COURSE IT PAYS.

"I got my wife through advertising."
"Then you'll admit that advertising pays?"

"I'll admit that it brings results," was the cautious reply.—*Kansas City Journal.*

ELSIE.—Mother, Mrs. Roosevelt is the 'first lady in the land,' isn't she?
MOTHER.—Yes, dear, but, for gracious sake! don't let Bridget hear you say it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

STOCKSON BONDS.—Where's that office boy? He must have met with an accident!

BOOKKEEPER.—Yes sir; you do once in a while on those right field bleachers.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Comfort for Men

is assured by using

WASHBURN

Patent Improved

FASTENERS

with the

BULL-DOG GRIP

Beware of

Imitations

Key Chains 25c

Scarf Holders 10c

Cuff Holders 50c

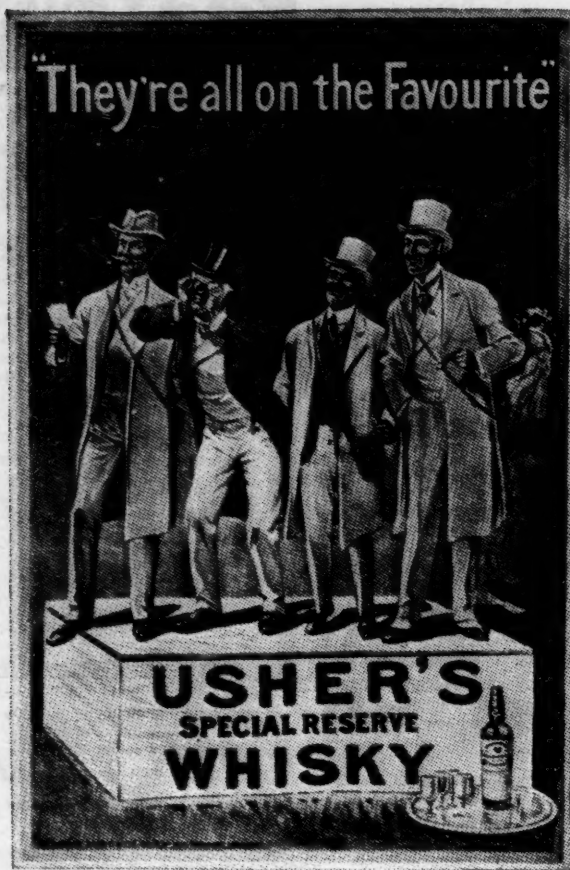
Bachelor Buttons 50c

Sold everywhere or sent

postpaid.

Catalogue free.

American Ring Co., Dept. 90, Waterbury, Conn.



SAVING THE EGGS.

"Why can't I have eggs for supper?"
 "You can't have eggs for supper," answered the landlord of the Plunkville House, "because an affinity gentleman is going to lecture on affinities at the town hall to-night. I presume you have some public spirit?"
 He had.—*Southwestern's Book.*



ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

HE.—A penny for your thoughts.
 SHE.—I'm trying to think up something for Mr. Ehrhart to put a picture to.

Grape fruit is made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at to-morrow's breakfast.

IS THIS TRUE?

"I wouldn't do for politics, I guess," said the pretty girl. "I'd simply vote the way pop votes."
 "I think," remarked the observer, "you wouldn't differ very much from most men."—*Washington Herald.*

IN THE VERNACULAR.

The girl had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family; but her time had been by no means wasted. Her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner.
 "Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.
 "No, ma'am," was the reply; "will you 'ave 'em in their jackets or in the nood?"—*Democratic Telegram.*

PROBABLY NOT.

"I hate to be poor. Now, a millionaire can walk right in and order what he wants without bothering about the price."
 "He can," stated the weary salesman, "but he seldom does."—*Ex.*

"AND the streets are paved with real gold, and there will be music and flowers, and everything will be beautiful!" finished the Sunday school teacher, who was telling her small charges of heaven. "And now tell me," she continued, "what kind of little boys and girls are going there?"
 Nobody knew.
 Then from one corner a small brown hand shot up.
 "Yes, Samuel?" the teacher smiled.
 "Please, teacher, dead ones!"—*Everybody's.*



A Club Cocktail Is A Bottled Delight

Refreshing, cooling, with just the delicate stimulation needed to restore the jaded summer appetite, a CLUB COCKTAIL strained through cracked ice is a wonderful incentive to a hearty, enjoyable meal.

Get a bottle from
your dealer

Martini (gin base), Manhattan (whiskey base), are universal favorites.
 G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
 Sole Props.

Hartford New York London

PROBABLY PREFERS OMAHA.

"Why hurry back to New York early in September?" asks the *New York Herald*. Yes, or at any other time.—*Omaha Bee.*

"How's the campaign getting on in your section?"
 "Very exciting," answered the sarcastic citizen. "Next week we're to have a joint debate between a phonograph and a graphophone."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

FOR THREE HUNDRED
YEARS THE WORLD'S
MOST FAMOUS CORDIAL



Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN AND YELLOW

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
 Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
 Sole Agents for United States.

HIS OWN IDEAL.

"An author should always confine his reading to the very best in literature, shouldn't he?" said the admiring young woman.
 "I suppose so," answered the man with long hair and heavy-rimmed glasses, "only I find it hardly practical to confine myself to my own works."—*Washington Star.*

HIS ADVANTAGE.

"Young man," said a rich and pompous old gentleman, "I was not always thus. I did not always ride in a motor car of my own. When I first started in life I had to walk."
 "You were lucky," rejoined the young man. "When I first started I had to crawl. It took me a long time to learn to walk."—*Democratic Telegram.*

PRUDENT SWAIN.—If I were to steal a kiss would it scare you so that you would scream?
 TIMID MAIDEN.—I couldn't. Fright always makes me dumb.—*Baltimore American.*

"HAD a ease to-day in which two men claimed a rabbit."
 "Well, judge, why didn't you divide it?"
 "I don't split hares in my court."—*Exchange.*



DON'T BE DECEIVED

There is Only One

JOHN H. WOODBURY

World Famed as the Originator of Face Filling and
Facial Surgery. He has removed his office to
30 WEST 22D ST., NEW YORK CITY
and is now President of

The Facial Cultivating Co.

He has no official connection with any other office or
institute of Dermatology in this or any other city.

JOHN H. WOODBURY'S

New Wrinkle

FOR SELF TREATING
FACE, HANDS, NECK

Saves the expense of a professional
attendant.

Cleaves the Skin of Freckles,
Discolorations, Scars, Pitt-
ings, Wrinkles, Blackheads
and keeps the complexion
attractive. Promotes cir-
culation, fills out thin
faces, hollow cheeks and
brings into healthy ac-
tivity every dead, slug-
gish pore.

Very simple, can be
used by any one.

COMPLETE OUTFIT:

One Implement
(size of cut),
One Jar Creme,
Two Composite
Stones.

PRICE
\$1

BY
MAIL.

THE
NEW
UP-TO-
DATE
JOHN H.
WOODBURY
\$1.00
REMEDIES

Mail or Office
Booklet, how to care for
the skin and scalp, mail-
ed free on request.

John H. Woodbury's
Redness Lotion . . . \$1.00
For excessive redness.

John H. Woodbury's
Hair Destroyer . . . \$1.00
Removes superfluous hair.

John H. Woodbury's
Wonderful Colorado . . . \$1.00
One application Hair Coloring.

John H. Woodbury's
Ingrowing Nail Cure . . . \$1.00
Instant relief and positive cure.

John H. Woodbury's
Mole and Wart Eradicator . . . \$1.00
For horny or surface Moles
and Warts.

We teach all branches of John H.
Woodbury's up-to-date method of
Dermatology and all special terri-
tory to our graduates. Office or mail
course.

Representative wanted in each locality.

Address Dept. 33 H.

THE FACIAL CULTIVATING CO.

30 West 22d Street, New York

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Pres.
37 years' experience

STANDARD OIL'S ADDRESS.

There's a mystery that slumbers—

We have seen it o'er and o'er—

In those cabalistic numbers,

Four, eleven, forty-four;

And thirteen is unpropitious,

Timid people used to say;

But just now the superstitious

Turn to "26, Broadway."

More observed than "seven, 'leven,"

Offener spoke than "twenty-three."

Some it leads to dreams like heaven,

Bidding others downward flee.

Man in serious estimation

Has held signs for many a day,

And the awesome combination

Now is "26, Broadway!"

Washington Star.



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many
years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who ap-
preciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are
trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly,
will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking
ARCADIA

SEND 10 CENTS and we will
send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us an enquiry.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

A "BASS" TRICK.

Ferd Funk, executive clerk of Gov-
ernor Hoch, "broke into" politics
about thirty years ago in Kansas. At
that time political glee clubs were the
proper thing to make votes, and Funk
with three other conspirators, who
thought they could sing, organized a
quartette. One member of the four
was a preacher, and he sang the bass
parts. His voice was very heavy and
carried well.

They had one little song whose cho-
rus ran like this:

Hurrah for Mary,
Hurrah for the lamb,
Hurrah for the teacher,
Who didn't give a

They always stopped at that last line
and did not sing the last word, but
walked solemnly from the stage. The
stunt was very effective, but in a tem-
porary moment of carelessness, or some-
thing like that, it was decided to use
the word "damn" the next time they
warbled the song. All agreed. Then
Funk proceeded to fix up a job on the
preacher. He and the other two mem-
bers of the quartette conspired to stop
at the "bad" word as usual, and let the
preacher sing it out alone.

It worked out to a queen's finish.
Lustily all four sang the lines. Right
merrily they were going along, and
swung into the fourth line "Who didn't
give a ——" Here the three stopped.
But the preacher's big bass voice be-
lowed out: "Da-a-a-mn!"

"Do you know," said Funk in telling
the story, "that preacher never sang
with us again. He said it was a low-
down trick, and since time has mellowed
my ornery streak, I have concluded that
he was right."—*Kansas City Journal.*

The same unequalled
quality that made them
famous fifty years ago
is found today in
every box of

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

CAMBRIDGE

in boxes of ten

25c

AMBASSADOR

the after-dinner size

35c



AND THEN THEY HOWLED!

This story is now being told out of
Troy. At a banquet there recently an
eloquent theologian is charged with
picturing in glowing terms the selfish-
ness of men who spend their evening
at the clubs, leaving their wives at
home in loneliness. "Think, my hear-
ers," said the speaker, "of a poor,
neglected wife, all alone in the great
dreary house, rocking the cradle of
her sleeping babe with one foot and
wiping away her tears with the other."
—*Kansas City Journal.*



The Healing Lather

Healing because it con-
tains Glycerine, the well-
known remedy for rough chapped
skin, burns, cuts or abrasions.
Healing because it contains Coco-
nut Oil—skin food and cleanser,
which cleans out the pores, pre-
venting irritation and soreness.
Healing because it is antiseptic.

BERSET Shaving Cream Soap

is an almost instantaneous
beard softener. It works up
quickly into a full, rich,
creamy lather that will not
dry on the face.

It contains no free alkali to parch the skin and irritate the pores.
It never causes that dry, drawn feeling—sore, smarting chins—
close shave rashes.

For Shampooing Beraset Cream leaves the
scalp invigorated and the hair soft and silky.

25 cents a tube at all dealers. Send 2 cent stamp for free sample tube,
enough for one month's shaving.

The Rubberet Shaving Brush is the perfect brush for a perfect lather. The
bristles are guaranteed never to come out of the hard rubber setting. They last
a lifetime; always full and springy. 25c., 50c., 75c. to \$6.00. To the ordinary
man we commend the \$1.00 brush.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY

Sales Office

5225 Metropolitan Tower, New York City

Branch Offices: Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal.

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory

83 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

"Dereal resourceful man," said Uncle
Eben, "when someone hands him a
lemon is ready wif de sugar and other
fixin's to make it to-lable pleasant to
take."—*Washington Star.*



"PILING IT ON."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

SHE HAD NO KICK.

This happened in Atchison, of course.
An Atchison woman took an old-fash-
ioned friend to church one night and
remarked that the acoustics in the room
were something awful.

"Why," replied the old-fashioned
lady, "I don't smell anything."—*Kan-
sas City Journal.*

EMILY (playing "house").—Now, I'll
be mamma and you'll be papa, and little
Ben and Bessie will be our babies.

WILLIE (after a moment anxiously).—
Ain't it about time to whip the chil-
dren?—*Tit-Bits.*

TOM.—I ate some of the cake she
made just to make myself solid.

DICK.—Did you succeed?

TOM.—I couldn't feel any more solid
if I had eaten concrete or building
stone."—*Utica Herald.*

NESTOR CIGARETTES

"NESTOR"	"IMPORTED"	"ROYAL NESTOR"
Green Label. 25 cts.	40 cts.	Blue Label. 15 cts.

The Original Brand of Over 30
Years' Reputation.

HOUSEHOLD VAUDEVILLE.

"I can always get plenty of amuse-
ment at home."

"As to how?"

"Pa does a continuous monologue,
and ma and the cook always have
something new in the way of a comedy
sketch."—*Washington Herald.*

Every one who drinks

EVANS' ALE

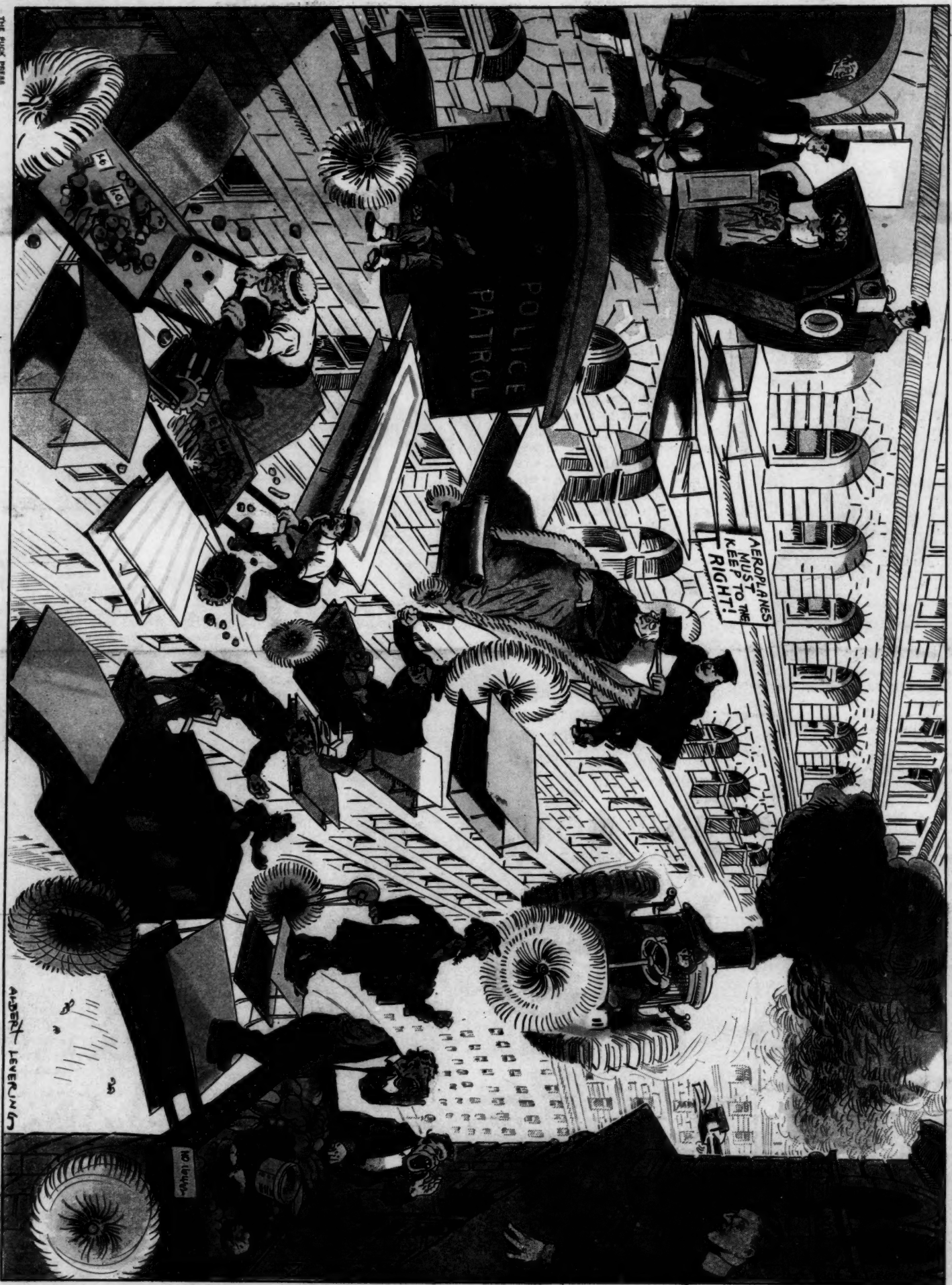
knows that 122 years of
unceasing effort have not
been spent in vain.

Not merely to be the
best, but to be worthy of
the name—that is the
foundation of EVANS'
supremacy.

Clubs, Restaurants, Hotels,
Saloons and Dealers.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.





IN THE SWEET FLY-AND-FLY.

THE PUCK PRESS

ALBERT LEVERING